Imagine her as one in dead of *night*,
From forth dull *sleepe* by dreadfull *fancy* waking,
That thinks shee hath beheld some gastly *sprite*,
VVhose grim *aspect* sets euery *ioynt* a shaking,
VVhat terrour t'is: but she in worser taking,
From *sleepe* disturbd, heedfully doth view
The *sight* which makes supposed *terror* rue.

5 *Lucretia* wakes amazed & confounded to be so surprised.

VVrapt and confounded in a thousand *feares*,
Like to a new-kild *bird* she trembling lies:
She dares not looke, yet winking there appeares
Quicke shifting *Antiques* vgly in her *eyes*,
Such *shadowes* are the weake braines *forgeries*,
VVho angry that the *eyes* flie from their lights,
In darknes daunts them with more dreadfull *sights*.

His hand that yet remaines vpon her *breast*,
(Rude *Ram* to batter such an *Iuory* wall:)
May feele her heart (poore *Citizen*) distrest,
VVounding it selfe to *death*, rise vp and fall:
Beating her *Bulke*, that his *hand* shakes withall.
This moues in him more *rage*, and lesser *pity*,
To make the *breach*, and enter this swert *City*.

First like a *trumpet* doth his *tongue* begin
To sound a *parley* to his heartlesse *foe*,
VVho ore the white *sheet* peeres her whiter *chin*,
The reason of this rash *alarme* to know,
VVhich he by dumbe demeanor seeks to show:
But she with vehement *prayers* vrgeth still,
Vnder what *colour* he commits the *ill*.

Thus he replies, the *colour* in this *face*,
That euen for *anger* makes the *Lily* pale,
And the red *Rose* blush at her owne disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my louing *tale*,
Vnder that *colour* am I come to scale
Thy never conquered fort: the fault is thine,

Thus I forestall thee: if thou meane to chide,
Thy *beauty* hath ensnar'd thee to this *night*,
VVhere thou with *patience* must my *will* abide:
My *will* that markes thee for my *earths delight*,
VVhich I to conquer sought with all my might.
But as *reproofe* and *reason* beat it dead,
By thy bright *beauty* it was newly bred.

I see what *crosses* my *attempts* will bring,
I know what *thornes* the growing *Rose* defends,
I thinke the *hony* guarded with a *sting*,
All this before hand counsell comprehends.
But *will* is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends.
Only he hath an *eye* to gaze on *beauty*,
And dotes on what he lookes, 'gainst *law* or *duty*.

I haue debated euen in my *soule*,
VVhat *wrong*, what *shame*, what *sorrow* I shal breed.
But nothing can affections *course* controle
Or stop the headlong fury of his *speed*,
I know *repentant teares* ensue the deed.
Reproch, *disdaine*, and deadly *enmity*,
Yet striue I to imbrace mine *infamy*.

This said, he shakes aloft his *Romane* blade,
VVhich like a *Faulcon* towring in the *skies*,
Couchet the *fowle* below with his *wings* shade,
VVhose crook *beake* threats, if hee mount he dies:
So vnder the insulting *Fauchion* lies
Harmlesse *Lucrecia*, marking what he tels,
VVith trembling *feare*, as *fowle* heare *Faulcons* bels.

Lucrece, quoth he, this *night* I must enioy thee;
If thou deny, then force must worke my way:
For in thy *bed* I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthlesse *slaue* of thine ile slay,
To kill thine *honor* with thy *liues* decay.